



The St. Joseph's Collegian

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AT THE THRESHOLD.

AT the threshold humbly kneeling,
Calmly waiting for our turn,
Sickened souls in need of healing,
For God's help and peace we burn,
Since we often have offended
His own majesty sublime,
Now all efforts are expended
To efface our guilt and crime.

Ah! how far would we not wander
In a dark deceptive way,
Long and seriously ponder
But for that bright sparkling ray
From the search-light of God's grace,
Penetrating every lea,
Helping us our way to trace
O'er our soul's own troubled sea?

And our steps, how would they falter?
Our contrition naught would be,
If there came not from the Altar
That assurance—happy we—
Telling us: "You are forgiven,
Children of my Heart's embrace;
From those wounds where nails were
driven,
O'er you streams My saving grace."

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

JOHN CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

These words I intend to apply to one, this evening, for whom they seem to be expressly written, to one for whom they would make a most fitting epitaph. I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that to no one could they with greater justice be applied than to His Eminence John Cardinal Newman.

Born with the dawn of this busy century, he endeavored to make every moment of his long and exemplary life a useful one, and all England bears ample testimony how well he accomplished this. "As a boy, he inspired almost love in the cold bosom of Dr., afterwards Archbishop Whately, who influenced Newman's first views. But acquainting himself with such men as Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, and Keble, at Oxford, Whately's influence was thrown off, and the more genial companionship of these men was warmly cultivated. With these men it was that the great Tractarian Movement took its start. Having been begun by Keble, it was advanced by Newman, who was not only a man of high intellectuality but also one who sought the truth, who left nothing undone to discover it, and when discovered, shrank not from it, but as a fair minded man, as a man possessed of a true, noble character, opened his heart and acted according to his convictions. Yes, such was his character, such his disposition. The Tractarian Movement was therefore for him only a stage, and not a resting place. It was here that he perceived the truth to be just the contrary of what he was endeavoring to prove, viz: that the Church of England was a continuation of the Catholic Church. Tract XC., brought matters to a crisis. It was there that he unconsciously but plainly showed, how

fast his sentiments and convictions were leading him to Catholicity. Speaking in his "Apologia" of Tract XC., he says among other things: "I was quite unprepared for the outbreak and was startled at its violence. I saw indeed clearly that my place in the Movement was lost; public confidence was at an end; my occupation was over. It was simply an impossibility that I could say anything to good effect, when in every part of the country and in every class of society....I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was caught in the very act of firing it against the time-honored establishment." This occurred in 1841. From now on as he himself declared he was on his death bed as regards his membership with the church. But a peaceful death was not allowed him. Many causes were there to give him a hard end with the Establishment. The anguish he must have suffered, when after years of hard study and deep research, after years of prayer, nay after having sacrificed the prime of his life for the Establishment, to behold himself in a mist of doubts and hesitations as to the rights of her claims, may be more easily imagined than described. Consider how it must have grieved him, when after years of hard work he beheld himself the object of rebuke from his nearest and dearest friends, when he saw himself the target of taunts of those whose welfare he had always at heart, nay when he could not even take a glance at a newspaper, unless he there beheld himself in glaring letters the victim of the foulest calumnies and most silly conjectures. And Why? Just because he as an upright man that was following his convictions. But heedless of opposition, he persisted in his course. He knew he had an immortal soul and he was going to save it, cost what it may. Two years after the affair of Tract XC., he made a formal retraction of all the harsh things he had ever said about the Catholic Church. Showing himself a true Christian gentleman, he recalled his assertions and showed that the charges he had made were not from a prejudiced mind, but from a sincere heart and in good faith. But he was not satisfied with this. He took a second and more important step. In September of 1843, he resigned his living at St. Mary's and Littlemore. "How could I", said he in a letter to one of his friends, after his resignation, "remain in St. Mary's a hypocrite? How could I be

answerable for souls (and life so uncertain) with the conviction or at least persuasion I had upon me?" His resignation accepted, he retired to his country house at Littlemore, where for two years he spent his time in studying, studying for the truth and praying to make certain of the truth. He knew his convictions were fast leading him to the Catholic Church, but he wished to make certain that there were good sound reasons and not mere imaginations that were convincing him. This accounts for his not entering the Catholic Church sooner. But as time rolled on his convictions became stronger and his strength increased with them. That light, which years before he had invoked to lead him, dispelled all his fears. It was leading him and he followed it trustingly, until it finally led him, like the star of Bethlehem, to the portals of the Catholic Church, the haven of peace. Fifty years ago, this very month, he humbly begged to be admitted to the True Fold of Christ. To her he fled like a child to its mother, and there he found that peace and quietness of soul which is promised to those who earnestly seek it.

Although his heart and mind were now at rest he would not permit himself to grow idle. He wished to give the Church at least some proofs of gratitude for the benefits she bestowed upon him. The story of his life after his conversion tells us how well he accomplished this. As he was ever zealous whilst yet an Anglican for the furtherance of her cause, he now redoubled his ardour for the Church of his adoption. Having been raised to the priesthood, he was sent in 1848, by Pope Pius IX. to found the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. His labors here, and afterwards as Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, are known full well to everyone. It would be abusing your time, would I but attempt to make mention of all the good he has done, of the many vile accusations he refuted and the deep seated prejudices he removed from the minds of the English people, especially by his writings as master of English Prose.

The Church always keeps a watchful eye over the doings of her children. Nothing pleases her more than when one of them fearlessly refutes and exposes her enemies. She could, then, not ignore the achievements of so faithful a son as Dr. Newman. One of the first acts of Pope Leo XIII. on ascending the Papal throne, was to confer

the cardinalate on the illustrious yet humble oratorian at Birmingham. Was there ever a greater honor, and was it ever more deserved? But in spite of his advancing age and increasing honors, he relaxed not from his work. Day by day we see him laboring to bring back to his countrymen the faith that was once their father's. Long before he went to his eternal reward, there to be numbered among the Blessed and Saints of Heaven, he beheld with no little pleasure that his labors and sufferings were not in vain. Yes, five years ago his mortal remains were laid to rest, but behold England today, and see what an unperishable monument he has left, a memory that will never decay. His name will go down through ages, and posterity will, no doubt, revere him as an Apostle of England, a second St. Augustine. Just now, the golden jubilee year of his conversion, behold the fond hopes of Pope Leo, being gradually fulfilled, his repeated invitations are being heeded. Thousands are following Card. Newman's heroic example, and are investigating into the claims of Anglicanism. And many are being led by their convictions to the truth, and bowing in submission to the Catholic Church. Yes, indeed, Card. Newman has left foot prints, that our shipwrecked brothers in faith, especially England, seeing shall take heart again and soon, once more, take her place on the Rock of Ages.

Jos. R. WECHTER.

CITIES OF THE DEAD; OR, SILENT SUBURBS.

THAT this title is not of modern origin, but dates back to antiquity, is evident from the fact that already the Greeks of old gave it to their cemeteries. The latter were called "necropolises" which signifies Cities of the Dead. This appellation may also be applied to our modern burial-places.

Let us imagine ourselves on an eminence overlooking a splendid city, in the vicinity of which is a cemetery. The former with all its beautiful surroundings lies below us "in the peculiar sunshine of its own misty magnificence." Viewing the cemetery we behold, countless almost indistinguishable objects gleaming with an ivory whiteness.

The cemetery presents the appearance of a miniature city; and the indistinctness with which we see it lends additional enchantment to the view. Upon instituting a comparison, it will be found that there really exists a great similarity between the city of life and the silent city. However, imagination must be left to its free exercise to supply all deficiencies. There is a something in the silent city that overawes us, and produces in us an impression of the sublime. Yes, it is the solitude that reigns there. This solitude constitutes an essential difference between the city of life and the silent city. While that one swarms with life and activity, this one is haunted with a profound, almost perpetual quiet which is only at times disturbed by the reciting of prayers, by dirges, or by piteous lamentations of persons weeping over the death of a father, mother, brother, sister, or friend; for they go,

"With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay those dear remains in earth below."

Yet, vivid as the contrast of the city of life is with the silent city, much that can be said of one, can also be said of the other. The structures of both are built of different material, some of stone, others of wood.— In the city of life, edifices vary in size, beauty, and architecture. From the exterior appearance of an edifice, the condition of its owner may be judged; if the appearance is grand, imposing, one knows that the owner is wealthy; if, however, it is lowly, it is evident that the occupant is poor. In like manner, if an elaborate monument of exquisite workmanship is seen on a mound in the silent city, one may almost invariably infer, that the person resting there was rich during life; for the rich secure prominence temporally, whether dead or living. On the contrary, if an unpretentious wooden-cross, or some other very plain monument marks the resting-place, it may readily be concluded that the person was acquainted with poverty during his earthly pilgrimage.

As in the city of life, so in a well-arranged silent city, everything is 'laid off' into lots and squares. Hence, in either, there are narrow streets, boulevards, and avenues. Passing along the streets of the city of life, one cannot but notice numerous advertisements and signs, especially on business-houses, informing the passers-by what the merchants have to sell, and asking

at the same time for favors. — The only advertisement of the silent city is the epitaph, which usually indicates the name and age, and often contains words of eulogy, and an invocation to God imploring his mercy; often, also, a petition is directed to the reader to offer up some prayer in behalf of the deceased person.

Both cities number inhabitants, of different age, and of every state and condition of life, from the infant to the octogenarian, from Lazarus to Dives. The silent city contains friends and enemies that lie side by side: — For,

“Tis a friendly neighborhood that knows no strife.

They are noislessly gathered — friend and foe —

To the still and dark assemblies below:
Without a frown or smile they meet,
Each pale and calm in his winding-sheet;
In that sullen home of peace and gloom,
Crowded like guests in a banquet room!”

Indeed, the silent city is preeminently the city, and perhaps the only one, in which socialism exists, and can exist to its full extent; for each inhabitant possesses equal rights, to each is allotted as much of mother-earth as he requires, although emigration from the city of life into the silent one never ceases. Who causes this continual emigration? Who gives the silent city its immigrants? Death—cruel Death—is the agent that causes continual emigration. Every time that melancholy, doleful, tolling of the bell proclaims to the living that another mortal has played his role on the stage of life, the silent city is sure to receive a new inhabitant.

As Catholic churches are distinguished from others by the cross, towering aloft on the zenith of the spire, so, also are Catholic silent cities recognized by the crosses and especially by the large cross which generally ranks first in size.

The consideration of the Cities of the Dead, or Silent Cities, reminds us that one of them will also be the future home of our bodies, where they will rest until the arrival of that great Day, the Day of general judgment.

N. GREIWE.

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

 BEN JOHNSON lets one of his wights in the “Staple of News”

say of the person that is to form the object of this sketch, “I have known a princess and a great one come forth of a tavern”. Great, indeed, she was not so much, however, by nobility and descent as by the nobility of her deeds which have entitled her to be called princess and protectress. This our illustrious country woman enjoyed international fame not on account of wealth and beauty, which of late have been sufficient to bring together and busy two hemispheres — but because of the services which she rendered to two worlds. Brought up amid the terrors of ferocious beasts of the primeval forest and wholly ignorant of the comforts and delights of refined society, we find her afterward in the highest circles of the dazzling court of England, admired and honored by the queen herself. The historian, Captain Smith, as Johnson has it, has called her “blessed Pocahontas, the great king’s daughter of Virginia”. Our heroine was the favorite daughter of Powhatan “a tall sour looking old” Indian chief. Pocahontas’ real name was Matoaka, for the tribe of Powhatan having a superstition that any one whose real name was unknown could not be injured, told the English her name was Pocahontas. It was through her then a girl of “tenne”, or twelve years “who not only for feature, countenance and expression much exceeded any of the rest of his (her father’s) people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country”, that Smith escaped with his life and the first English colonists of Virginia were saved from starvation. Yet we know that her love toward the colonists far exceeded their gratitude toward her. In 1609 we find Pocahontas making a long and tedious journey by night and through the forest in order to inform Smith of a plot of her father to kill him. Many and great were the favors the colonists received at her hands. During that period of misery and despair known as the “Starving time” she often brought the ungrateful colonists food in her canoe. By the help of a treacherous Indian family, she was afterward taken captive by Argal and a heavy ransom was demanded for her delivery. Powhatan would not so much as reply, but prepared for war. During her captivity a young Englishman whose name was Rolfe imagining he continually heard a voice crying to him that he should strive to convert the “unregenerated” maiden, undertook the task. His labors were not

without result, for she not only embraced Christianity, but soon, in the little church of Jamestown, "stammered" forth the vows which made her the better half of Rolfe. Thus she was the first of her nation solemnly to marry an European, though not the first to be converted to Christianity as some of the Indians taken along by Columbus on the return of his first voyage were baptized and had King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella as sponsors. From this time till the death of Pocahontas, the Indians remained the white's steadfast friends. The English thought so much of this western king that they sent him a crown, whether it was very valuable, we are not told. King James even shook his head and questioned whether Rolfe had not committed treason in marrying a native American princess, as he was a man of no rank whatever. Two years after the marriage of Pocahontas, her husband, having obtained a letter of introduction from Captain Smith to Queen Anne, sailed for England with his bride and there he presented her at court. We can better imagine than describe the surprise of the dusky daughter of the forest and prairie, who beheld even the trinkets of Smith with astonishment, when she first saw the court of England which at that time was at its height in point of splendor. The Anglican bishop of London entertained her, thus hoping to exercise a wholesome influence over the Indians of America, as they would sooner be induced by one of their own nation, to cast off their idolatry and embrace Christianity. She was also a guest at the presentment of a burlesque masque written by Ben Johnson for the purpose of compelling King James to give one hearty laugh. In England she was called by her baptismal name, Rebecca which, joined with the high - sounding title of "Lady" that the polite English did not omit, must have had a thrilling effect on our heroine. In 1617 when preparing to return to Virginia she died leaving an only son who became the father of several of the most prominent families of Virginia. The distinguished orator and statesman, John Randolph, was a grandson of the sixth generation. Lady Rebecca's excellence would have done credit to the most enlightened of Europe. She was to the colonists what her noted namesake, whom Sir Walter has immortalized, was to Ivanhoe--a friend in need. Hence we see how unjust the saying "A dead Indian only is a good

one". And as we give ourselves to reflection the words of the poet come to our minds:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

FELIX T. SCROCZYNISKI, '99.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

"My name is Mahmund Ben Mustufa Abd Ibrahim Jaacob Ibn Baschaar."

"Your name is longer than your address. Your prophet the great Mohammed says: "Be polite towards infidels and enemies that they may thus learn to respect your faith and Kaaba, take note of that, you a Tuareg."

His countenance, upon this, had assumed an aspect of pride.

"The Kubatish, Sihdi, (lord) are the most renowned children of Abu Zett. their tribe embraces more than twenty ferhah and the bravest of them all is En Nurab to whom I belong."

"En Nurab? He is known to me."

"Be it thus, Sihdi, I dare now give ear to your voice, notwithstanding, your being an infidel from the indignant country Frankistan."

"What name bear you?"

"My name is difficult to pronounce, it is as follows: Hassau-Ben-Adulfed-a-Ibu-Haukal al Wardi-Iussuf-Ibu-Abul-Toslan-Ben-Isak al Duli."

I was forced to laugh when I beheld one of those sons of the desert, like his average brother, adducing to his name that of his entire tribe, a custom of theirs, to make the impression of noble birth.

Repeating the name I replied: "The tongue of an Inglesi is capable of pronouncing a name, should it reach from Bengasi to Kaschenah, nevertheless, I shall simply call you Hassan for Mohammed says: "Speak not ten words where one suffices."

"To the name Hassan I will never respond. Those acquainted with me call me Hassan el Kebihr, Hassan the Great, for be it known to you I am Djazzar-Bei the Manslayer."

"The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches, but his heart is full of grace, patience and mercy."

"Your name for the present is null, and

only then shall I use your epithets when convinced you have merited them."

I began to anticipate that the good Hassan el Kebihr, despite his gigantic stature and heavy armor, was a man not much to be feared.

He solemnly declared that his name had been justly attributed to him and, to verify his declaration he presented several trophies consisting of knives, swords, lances etc. He then added: Sihdi Emir himself has bestowed this appellation upon him.

"Who is Emir?" interrupted I.

"Rabbena chaliek, God assist you, know you not him who sent me to you?"

It occurred to me at the mention of Emir that he referred to Sir Emery. And so it really was.

The pleasant manner in which he expressed his surprise amused me very much, but, to lead him back to the previous subject I assumed a sterner tone of voice.

"Inform me of Sir Emery."

"I sojourned at Bilma, from whence I led a caravan to Zinder.—Permit me to inform you that Hassan the Great is a renowned caravan leader, acquainted with all the Sahara passages; he possesses an eye which renders the slightest omen incapable of escape."

If this be a fact his service to me will be inestimable. I immediately concluded to fathom the truth of his speech in order to learn what I may expect.

"Hassan, do you abide by the truth when you speak thus?"

Assuming a most dignified mien he said: "Know you what a Hafizh is?"

"One who knows the Koran by heart."

"You are a wise man, although a native of Frankhistan."

This said he rebuked me for doubting his word.

I calmed his wrath, then placed several questions the answers of which would either deny or affirm his speech. I bade him inform me as to the Oasis forming the key to the Rif, his answer was correct.

"I now believe all, Hassan, continue your narrations; you lead a caravan to Zinder you say."

"Yes, from Bilma to Zinder, thus it was I met Shidi Emir. He provided me with all the necessary requirements and sent me hither where I was to meet a gallant Sihdi from Germanistan (Germany) whom I was to escort to him."

"Where shall I meet him?"

"At the Bab-el-Ghud (down) where from the wandering sand heaps one arrives at the sandy desert."

"Have you ever heard of the bad-djinns (ghosts) that haunt the desert?"

"I have heard of them. Do you fear them, Hassan?"

"Fear? Hassan the Great fears neither ghost nor devil, he knows that they flee at the recital of the Surat en nas (a prayer) and the Surat el fulak. You, however, are a christian and know no Surat, and in consequence of this death will befall you should you trespass their place of habitation."

"Why, then, did you permit Shidi Emir to enter that place, he will be their prey before we reach him."

This unexpected question perplexed him a little, but he soon discovered a means where with to dispel his perplexity.

"I shall pray for him."

"Pray for an unbeliever? I see, Hassan, you are a pious son of the Prophet; pray also for me, then we need not fear the ghosts of the deserts. I shall depart tomorrow at sun rise."

"Allah akbar, God is great, there is nothing beyond His power, man, however, must submit to His will and dare not enter upon a journey at dawn of day. The time of departure is at three o'clock in the afternoon or at the holy Assr, two hours before evening."

"You forget, Hassan, that this time pertains only to the caravan, the individual, however, may travel at convenience."

"Sihdi, you are truly a great and learned man, and I bewail the hour which gave you Christian parents. I see you are a man who not only is acquainted with the Koran, but one who has also a thorough knowledge of the Ilm Seffir el Koran. I shall be true to you and be your faithful guide."

"I am pleased to accept your proposal, so find yourself prepared to set out at twilight, and if your deeds betray your bravery I shall no longer hesitate to call you Djazzar-Bei and el Kebihr."

"A Tuareg and Imoscharh?"

"Of which tribe?"

"Hedjahn-Bei, our leader, does not permit his warriors to acquaint themselves with the French."

Fear had slightly seized upon me, when I heard that Renald was a captive of this notorious Hedjahn-Bei. I had already received some information regarding this

cruel and audacious robber and I knew that he was a terror to the caravan. No one knew to what tribe he belonged; the entire desert was his territory. His name was known from the steppes of Algier to Sudan and from the Egyptian oasis down to Wadan and Walada in the western Sahara. He would appear at various places as if emerging from the deep and in like manner again disappear. His presence always demanded a sacrifice of human lives and goods. Hidden recesses, it seemed, were at his disposal throughout the entire desert; he must have had agents whose duty it was to inform him of every caravan of importance and also to assist him in the plundering thereof. But his person as well as his deeds were so enveloped in secrecy that their explanation was thus far impossible. I deemed it expedient, in the presence of the messenger, to pretend I knew nothing of him.

"Hedjahn-Bei who is he?"

"Are you not acquainted with the caravan plundered? Are you deaf that you have heard nothing of him? He's the lord of the desert, hideous in his anger, terrible in his rage and invincible in combat. That young infidel is his captive."

I laughed.

"Invincible in combat? so he must engage only with the feeble Schalal and cowards? No Frenchman will ever fear him and his Gum. Why does he not release his captive? Did he not receive ransom twice?"

"The desert is very extensive and Hedjahn-Bei has many men who are in need of clothes, weapons and tents."

"The caravan plundered is a liar and imposter, his heart knows not the truth and his tongue is false."

"Give us shoes, weapons and powder, points for our spears and canvas for our tents."

"Twice you have received what you demanded. But not a shred of clothing not a grain of powder will you receive again."

"If so the captive dies."

"Hadjahn-Bei would not grant him freedom, though we would again comply with his desire."

"He will release him. Hadjam-Bei is lenient when his demands are fulfilled."

"How much does he ask?"

"As much as he formerly received."

"That is indeed much. You wish to take the goods with you?"

"No, you are to send them as before."

"Whereto?"

"To Bab-el-Ghud."

This was the very place whereto Emerey had called me, was this chance or was Emerey aware of it that the robber would appear there?

Madame Latreaunont again approached me and grasped my hand.

"So you are really determined to execute our petitions, notwithstanding, the difficulty and danger in connection with them? And to-morrow already you intend to depart without having previously enjoyed our hospitality."

"Our situation, Madame, is one which demands immediate action, but if you permit, I shall enjoy your hospitality after we have again returned, but until then you will, perhaps, favour me with the keeping of my goods which I cannot possible take with me."

"Cheerfully, I shall despatch to the ship and—"

"Pardon me, Madame, I stopped at the hotel de Paris."

"Indeed? Know you, Monseigneur, that we take this very much amiss?"

I was obliged to hear a few polite rebukes after which the matter was entrusted to a servant. I was about to receive to my assigned department when the presence of an Arabian was announced. The man was received into the parlor where I too, betook myself.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)

ALL SOULS.

The seal is broken on our fatal doom;
And thus we're free to choose a better
course;
If only we but do our will inforce,
To realize what dreadful pain and gloom
Shall be our part, if we do not assume
The penitential garb while here below;
And thus protect us from the tempting foe,
That's ever seeking to destroy us soon.
Oh souls of Christ! ye ever blessed souls;
Already saints, through yet not purged
from guilt:
It is on you eternal glory rests
When once released from purgatory's folds:
On you it is the Savior's blood was spilt,
To make you shine more brilliant with the
blest.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The month of November marks the fiftieth anniversary of the great step Cardinal Newman took when he made his submission to the Catholic Church. His noble example has gradually weighed upon the minds of his Anglican co-religionists, who, after serious reflection, have received the light of grace, and begged to share the glorious Faith that is proud to claim Newman as the faithful child. This year has seen many added to the long list of converts, and the Church has every reason to hope that the day is not far distant when the whole Anglican Flock will rest safely in the Bark of Peter.

With the dawn of the December sun, the four weeks of Advent are ushered into existence, and everything assumes the aspect of great preparations for Christ's humble Birth. Day after day as the happy feast nears its celebration, deeper anxiety is manifested, and the student's attention is gradually diverted from his books. Profitable occupation wrongly gives way to day-

dreaming. During hours of study he doubtless is engaged, at times, in picturing to himself fanciful ideas of the good things in store for him, while the accomplishment of his hopes seems ages away. Thus living in great expectation, his over-anxiety renders him competent to understand fully that these four weeks represent four thousand years of patient waiting.

Since Winter's imperial command has ended many out-door games and exercises, students will naturally devote more of their time to literary occupations. Though the library is stocked with the best of classical material and students may avail themselves of every opportunity, let everyone beware of falling into the careless habit of perusing literary productions hurriedly and indifferently. When once acquired it is difficult to escape the evil influence it exerts over all his other actions, and the untold injury in which it results. A student should pride himself in a systematic study of the authors; for systematic reading, with all possible attention concentrated on the book in hand, is a powerful preservative against this desultory custom so prevalent in our time.

The *Stylus* neatly expresses a happy idea when it says "you cannot put an old head on young shoulders, nor make a boy write like a man, nor a beginner like one who is finishing his course." *The Collegian*, as all its readers are aware, is the representative College publication of St. Joseph's, and consequently its columns are open to contributions from the lower as well as the higher classes. It would be highly improper to exclude the literary attempts of those just embarking on the great sea of journalistic composition, advancing the plea of raising the Journal to a higher standard; for, as students of the institution, the lower classes are justly entitled to be represented in a college paper that pretends to be published in the interests of all claiming to be children of the Alma Mater from whence it hails. Hence the remark of the *Stylus* is very timely, and expressive of the principle upon which *The Collegian* has been acting.

In accordance with the long established custom, the President's call for a proper observance of Thanksgiving day always meets with the hearty approval of the American people. In another column of *The Colle-*

gian the attention of the reader is invited to a detailed account of the day's program at Collegeville. The festival of Thanksgiving, as is well known, dates back primarily to the days of the historic Pilgrims, and, although lost in the obscurity of a long course of years, mention of its revival is again made in the chronicled facts of Abraham Lincoln's presidential career. Since then it has regularly been celebrated on the last Thursday of November. The motive of the government is truly praiseworthy, and the responsive unison of the people from their standpoint of its proper observance has always been a text for their eulogium. Yet, the pioneer spirit of this festival is gradually waning into a popular sentiment directly opposed to the very meaning of the term thanksgiving. It should be a day not only of joy and happiness, but first of all a day on which we should manifest our gratitude to God for His innumerable blessings.

BOOK REVIEWS,

"Correct English", by Lilia Hardin Bugg, has been highly eulogized by many of our exchanges; after a careful perusal of the volume we cheerfully assent to all the good things that have been said of the work, and, at the same time, add our own word of approbation.

This work contains useful information on grammar, rhetoric, letter writing, formation of words, punctuation, in short on every subject pertaining to the correct use of the language. Attention is called to common errors, and difficult subjects. Thus, two chapters are devoted to a discussion of the use of *shall* and *will*. Macauley says: "Not one Londoner in 10,000 can lay down the rules for the proper use of shall and will. Yet not one Londoner in a million misplaces his *will* and *shall*." If this be true we must confess that Londoners make fewer mistakes in this regard than do Americans. But if "*Correct English*" obtains the circulation it merits there will certainly be more than one American in 10,000 able to lay down the rules for the proper use of *will* and *shall*, and, consequently, mistakes in their usage rendered less frequent.

"As the Bishop Saw It", is a collection of the letters of the late Bishop Borgess of

Detroit, describing his trip to Rome in 1877. The student will find the letters models of epistolary composition that may well be imitated. The book contains a series of thirty-three letters, the first was written, "*On Board the Steamer*", "*City of Berlin*", May 4, 1877", the last at "*Cork, Aug. 28, 1877*." Every letter contains much useful and interesting information. The Bishop visited the principal cities and countries of Europe, and, in a most agreeable manner gives his impressions of the people and the places. When one has read the letters from Rome or Munich, Geneva or Brussels, London or Dublin, he feels as though he had heard from an absent friend, for the Bishop, a thorough American and viewing everything with an American eye, writes in a way that must interest his countrymen.

The letters are edited by Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien and make a handsome volume of 266 pages. The book is published for the benefit of the Borgess Hospital.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS,

Before the next issue of "*The Collegian*" reaches you the presents that are to gladden the hearts of your friends at Christmas tide will have been purchased. Of course Santa Claus will take care that the little folks are well supplied with the toys, trinkets, and candy in which they delight.

But as boys and girls grow older they gradually turn their attention to other objects, and no longer find pleasure in the toys of their childhood. Then is the time that the question, "What shall I give my friend for Christmas?" often becomes a difficult one to answer. Now the best way to decide this question is to buy for your friend a good book. A book makes a present that is always in good taste. Much money is often expended on useless articles that are of no possible benefit to the recipient. A pious priest who is himself the author of several excellent volumes says "If people would only invest in good books the money that they expend on useless trifles it would not take them many years to accumulate a respectable library." But in buying these books let us not forget the numberless works of superior merit written by Catholic authors. By recommending Catholic authors we do not wish to have it understood that we would exclude our Irvings, Haw-

horns and Longfellows from the book-shelf of the Catholic. No library in which they do not find a place is worthy of the name. They are advertised by numerous publishers, sold by all book dealers and, thus, as a rule, are able to make their way to every library. But can as much be said of the works of Catholic writers? If you think so ask the average book dealer, who boasts of having a full line of all the authors, for O'Reilly's poems. He will smile condescendingly and ask you if you do not mean James Whitecombe Riley. As for Maurice Francis Egan or Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey — they never heard of them. Even Aubrey De Vere, who is said by many competent critics to be the greatest living poet that writes in the English language, can not be found on their shelves. Catholic publishers may be, to a certain extent responsible for this, but the Catholic laity must not try to shift all the responsibility for this state of things. If they called for these books more frequently, and gave dealers to understand that it would be profitable to handle such books, there is little doubt but that they would do so. Under the present condition of things the only resource of those that do not live in the large cities where Catholic book stores may be found, is to order direct from the publisher. This can usually be done with perfect safety.

But for what books are we to send? That depends upon whom you propose to bestow your present. If you want a book for children, whether boys or girls, it is hard to find anything better than "Drops of Honey" or "Stories for Catholic Children", by Rev. A. M. Grussi; "How they Worked Their Way, by Maurice Francis Egan, is also a suitable book for them. If you want books for boys you may get "Tom Playfair", "Percy Wynn", "Harry Dee" or "Claude Lightfoot" — the entire set if possible — by Father Finn. Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity of providing good reading for the young. Nothing can be more gratifying than to see a young person have a strong desire for reading, still it is hard to imagine anything more distressing than such young persons unprovided with good books. Their young minds are hungry and crave for food, and if they cannot be supplied with the proper kind they will satiate their appetite by the reading of trashy books or papers that may be so easily obtained. The parent who keeps harmful publications from his

child but neglects to provide it with good literature fulfills only half his duty.

What shall we get for the grown up boys and girls, for the young men, and women? A score of answers may be given to this question. Before we can tell you the book to buy we must know to what station in life your friend belongs. Everyone may not be able to relish Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent" or Father Thein's "Christian Anthropology". But there are books by Catholic writers that cannot fail to prove interesting to everyone. Maurice Francis Egan's works would surely make acceptable presents. The books which have been mentioned in the "Book reviews" of "The Collegian" are deserving of attention. The advertising columns of almost every Catholic newspaper tell you where good books may be purchased.

But do not content yourself with remembering your friends — make sure to increase your own library also. A young man of our acquaintance came out on a fine Christmas morning a few years ago with a very prominent necktie — one of the kind that a person sometimes receives as a gift. Upon being asked where he got it he replied "I got it for a present". The next question, even a more indelicate one than the first, was, "Who gave it to you?" he answered, "Oh, I made myself a present of this tie". Let us in like manner make ourselves a present of the books we would like to read if our friends good-naturedly give us something for which we are not quite so anxious.

JOHN F. COGAN

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The first installment of Father Finn's new story appears in *The Young People*. It gives promise of ranking with his previous successful efforts, if not surpassing them. This is commending it very highly as the exploits of those typical collegians — Tom Playfair, Percy Wynn and their companions, and the inimitable manner in which their deeds are related, delighted everyone who had the pleasure of perusing the volumes. The editor is not springing a surprise on his readers by inserting this serial. The contents in the previous issues have been bright, spicy, and entertaining, and it was only in order to expect something from the bright, and facile pen of a writer of Father Finn's stamp.

The Radiator counts among its contributors writers whose excursions into the fields of fiction have been amply rewarded. In "A Thankful Thanksgiving Day", the incidents are graphically related and we note many qualities that mark a successful production.

The poets of the *St. James School Journal* have been, it seems, supplicating the Muses with great zest for Hallowe'en inspiration as a number of effusions are found in the November issue. Two stories, one having for its groundwork some of the pleasantries which Hallowe'en affords—the other with dialectic observations in which the hero Uncle Zeb is placed in quite a predicament on account of someone's insuperable desire for chicken, are amusingly told.

The Stylus contains a remarkable article on Father Tabb, a poet who is rapidly rising to an enviable position among the devotees of the Muses in America. Delicacy of treatment, and a nice sense of discrimination, especially when the poet is brought within the same circle with Wordsworth and Herrick, induce us to accept the writer's judgement of the poetical argosies which Father Tabb has freighted with poetical feeling. We admire the defense of Thos. Moore as a poet against critics who would pull him down from the niche in the Temple of Fame which he has occupied since he wrote his sweet productions, and reduce him to the level of a shallow poet, or to that of a mere rhymster.

The Mountaineer opens with a poem in dialect entitled "Dreamin' Away". If we remember rightly it is the first of that tenor that has appeared in the Mountaineer since it commenced its welcome visits. We enjoyed it highly and hope that the success of this effort will serve as an incentive to the poets to invoke the Muses again for something of a like nature. Thos. Moore is the subject of a literary sketch. The article—considering the instructive and easy manner in which it is treated, together with the illustrations forms a worthy addition to the series of compositions which have graced its pages for some time past, combining a biography and an estimate of the authors works.

From its Southern home, *The Salve Regina* appears with a partial representation of the Academy and its surroundings as a

frontis-piece. Uniform and lucid treatment of various subjects has given it a favorable position among College Journals. The coming Winter School is the absorbing topic in the October number. A few well written essays and a model arrangement lend interest to its character as an Academy journal.

To *The Mission Indian*, a bright publication, from Banning, Ca., we extend a cordial welcome. It is, as its name indicates devoted to the Indian Missions, and is deserving of a wide circulation.

It cannot be that a former welcome exchange, upon which the terrors of a Wisconsin writer have proved ineffective, has succumbed to a breath of criticism.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Dial*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Abbey Student*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Boston Pilot*, *The Colored Harrest*, *The Rensselaer Republican*, *The Rensselaer Pilot*, and the *Review* from Chicago.

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

Since the last issue of *The Collegian*, the Columbians have entered in real earnest upon the work of the fall and winter terms, and in a manner, too, that presages great advantage to themselves through their participation in the programs, and many an evening's entertainment for the entire College. The two programs held during this month must be considered exceptionally good, and the display of elocutionary abilities, especially in the last, shows a decided improvement over all previous efforts. A schedule has been adopted by which programs will be given every ten days—on alternate Wednesdays and Sundays, those on Wednesdays to be private, the others public. Besides the principal dramas such as the one presented on Thanksgiving Day, the Society intends to produce several after-pieces at the different public programs throughout the year. The first of these, "The Country Justice", will be given on December 1st. Four new names, those of Messrs. Boeke, Fralich, Barnhard and Schulien, were added to the roll-call at the last meeting. At the quarterly election held November 20th the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term:

President.....	Wm. D. Sullivan
Vice-President.....	Jas. Betsner
Secretary.....	Bartholemew Besinger
Treasurer	Wm. Brinkman
Critic.....	Nicholas Greiwe
Librarian.....	Lawrence A. Eberle
Editor of Columbian.....	E. Vogel
Marshal.....	Frank Kuenle
Executive Committee..	Jas. F. Connelly John C. Wakefer Gerard Hartjens

The following programs were rendered during the month.

November 3rd.

Music	Orchestra
Essay—Benjamin Franklin.	Jas. Betsner
Music.....	Violin and Piano Duet
Recitation—Restraint.....	F. J. Koch
Recitation.....	Simon Kuehnmuench Der Grafen.
Music.....	Orchestra
Afterpiece.....	By The Minims "The Wanderer".

November 17th.

Music.....	Band
Recitation.....	Thos. Travis Cataline's Defiance.
Oration.....	Jos. R. Wechter John Card. Newman.
Recitation.....	Eulogius Deininger The Fireman's Fate.
Paper—The Columbian...	Edward Vogel
Recitation.....	Gabriel Cotter Robert Emmet's Last Speech.
Music.....	Band

MILITARY JOTTINGS,

The cold weather has confined all our drill exercises to indoors and the campus has been abandoned until the sunny days of spring put in their appearance again.

The Boebner Columbian Guards acquitted themselves admirably well in the impromptu exhibition drill rendered on November 8th, in honor of our Rt. Rev. Bishop.

In another column of the "Collegian", will be found the article, "Thanksgiving Day" in which an account of the military program, rendered on that day, is given.

Mr. Brown, the agent of the firm of G. F. Foster, Son & Co. called on us the 4th inst. to take the measurements for our annual supply of uniforms. Some changes, slight but nevertheless advantageous, have

been made in the suits this year. A better quality of goods has also been procured.

To acquire skill in all the movements contained in his schedule for the Thanksgiving Day program, the commander of the B. C. G. deemed it fit to call a few extra practice drills. He promises, however, to even things up after the event.

A competitive drill was called on the 18th inst., owing to the vacancy in the office of 1st sergeant. Both Co. A and Co. B participated and unusual interest was shown throughout the drill. The judges were Major Cogan, Adjutant Conroy, and Aide de camp Eberle. The grades of those scoring above 95 per cent are as follows:

Priv. Fr. Diefenbach, 98 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Alb. Riestner, 98; Priv. H. Reichert, 97 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Ed. Misch, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. F. J. Koch, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. A. Roth, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. B. Heckman, 97 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Jno. Steinbrunner, 97 1-6; Priv. Jno. Wakefer, 97; Priv. Thos. McLoughlin, 96 5-6; Priv. Geo. Diefenbach, 96 5-6; Priv. Ed. Byrne, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Jos. Cosh, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Robt. Murphy, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. H. Kavalage, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. Ed. Vogel, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. H. Barnard, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. E. Schweitzer, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Christ. Class, 96 1-6; Priv. Matt. Shea, 96 1-6; Priv. Chas. Roemer, 96 1-6; Priv. Louis Fralich, 95 5-6; Priv. Geo. Aug, 95 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Robt. Peelle, 95 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Jno. Dwenger, 95 $\frac{1}{3}$. Average of Company A, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$. Average of Company B, 95 53-100.

SPORTING NEWS.

Eating turkey is excellent sport.

Rabbit hunting was one of the favorite amusements during the latter part of the month.

Skating, for a while, seemed as if it would direct the attention of the students from the other pastimes; but when the ice gave way under George's weight, the idea was abandoned.

The bowling alley, as was fully evinced on Thanksgiving, is a source of much amusement to both the Faculty and students. It contains two tracks, thus enabling many to enjoy the game at the same time. The students highly appreciate the kindness of the Faculty in providing for them this place of amusement.

Foot ball was the all-absorbing game during this month. On the afternoon of the first day of November the Vigilants vs. Defenders entertained their fellow students and many of their friends from Rensselaer with an excellent game. Fitzpatrick and Murphy, of the Vigilants, distinguished themselves by each making a touchdown. Although the Defenders did not win they did excellent work. The game resulted in favor of the Vigilants by a score of 8-4.

One week later another game was played between the same teams, which proved to be by far the most exciting and interesting ever played on the grounds. The players on both sides are equally deserving of praise. The game resulted in a tie 4-4.

The Wideawakes and Twilights, from the Minims, have made several persistent efforts in Foot Ball but the game on the 17th must be distinguished as one in which the qualities of the younger students were creditably displayed. A touchdown on one side raised the determination of the other to retrieve, and as the game proceeded, the vim and spirit shown in the attempts to gain and in a corresponding opposition, gave delight to the spectators which often manifested itself in hearty cheers. Henry Kavalage showed considerable ability in tackling. Ed. Koenig also deserves credit for his excellent punting. Score 4-4.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

One of the days that will be long and pleasantly remembered by the students of St. Joseph's College on account of its many and varied exercises, all of which elicited more than ordinary interest, was Thanksgiving Day, 1895.

The program opened at 8 A. M. by the celebration of High Mass by the Rev. John Berg of Remington. After services all assembled in the Armory to witness the Military Exercises. They began with a Dress Parade given by the battalion. This occasion was taken to announce publicly the promotion of Second Serg. Hordeman to the First Sergeantship of Co. A, and Priv. F. Diefenbach was made Second Serg. of the same Co. The Parade was followed by an Exhibition Drill by the Seifert Light Guards. The Company went through its various complicated commands without a single mistake. The generous applause of

the spectators fully attested their appreciation of the drilling. The Boebner Columbian Guards appeared on the program with a drill composed of principally fancy movements. The Squad gave three bayonet manuals besides the marchings. This was the first public appearance of the B. C. G. in their new uniforms, and was creditable beyond comment. No doubt whatever exists that the Squad will be the best drilled organization ever seen in St. Joseph's College if it continues as it has begun. The Band rendered inspiring music between the different numbers of the military program.

After the military exercises the guests and students spent half an hour in social chat, and, when responding to the sound of the dinner bell at 12 M. repaired to the refectories, where they found the tables groaning under their load of turkeys and other good things. Students that have had experience in other boarding schools are unanimous in pronouncing the meals served at St. Joseph's College superior to those of other similar institutions. But on this occasion the good Sisters outdid themselves, and treated the students to a feast, the equal of which was never seen before in St. Joseph's. The dinner concluded, as is customary here on feast days, with speeches by the students. Fathers Dickmann and Maximilian also added a few well-timed remarks that had the effect of increasing the good cheer considerably.

In the afternoon the first target practice ever held at College was conducted under the auspices of the B. C. G., the battalion officers, the older students, and Ex-Lieut. Mug participating. Father Mark offered a valuable prize for the winner. Ex-Lieut. Mug won, making 13 out of a possible 15 points; Engesser came second, and McLoughlin third with 12 and 11 points respectively. Lieut. Mug divided up with the boys.

But the most important feature of the day's exercises, and the one to which the most time had been devoted in preparation, was the play—"The Prodigal Law Student"—rendered by the Columbian Literary Society.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Frederick, a Law Student. Ed. J. Mungovan
 Mr. Martin, his Father, Jas. B. Fitzpatrick
 Angelo, his brother. Felix Scroczynski
 Alfred, his Friend. Edw. Vogel
 Tightfist, Wall-street Broker. T. M. Conroy

Prof. Allgood, Teacher of Angelo	F. J. Koch
Gen. Watson, U. S. A., Commander of Zouaves.....	J. F. Cogan
Friends of Frederick	Harry, B. Besinger John, Vincent Munich Foster, J. C. Wakefer Eugene, G. Hartjens
Phineas, a Visitor from the Emerald Isle.	J F Connelly
Admiral Ross, U. S. N.....	Theobald Reitz
Capt. Henderson, U. S. N....	C. A. Riester
Jesse	A. Missler
Jake	V. Scharf
Bob	L. Baker
Spencer	E. Walter
Samuel	L. A. Eberle
First Newsboy.....	T. P. Travis
Second Newsboy.....	Ed. Koenig
First Citizen.....	Wm. Brinkman
Second Citizen.....	E. Misch
First Sailor.....	D. Brackman
Second Sailor.....	Roman Theis
Third Sailor.....	Ild. Rapp
Zouaves.....	Squad Members.

The curtain rose, at the first scene at 7:30 P. M. The moral contained in the play is a most wholesome one "Frederick, the Law Student", is the principal character, and on him the plot mainly depends. Frederick's home is in Boston; he is the idol of his parents and younger brother, and leaves Boston to enter a Law school in New York. There he falls into the company of extravagant, dissolute, young men, and spends much more money than his father could allow him. But a Wall-street broker, Tightfist, knowing the value of old Mr. Martin's property, induces the son, Frederick, to borrow money from him, telling him that he can repay it all when he is once admitted to the bar. The young man thus becomes Tightfist's debtor for a large sum. Tightfist presents his claims to the elder Mr. Martin, and, to liquidate the debt, sells the old man's home. Frederick's mother succumbs to this shock, not so much, however, by the loss of her home as by the knowledge of her son's conduct. Upon this the heart-broken father ordered his son away from him, and Frederick, after resolving to amend his life and placing confidence in Divine assistance, enters the Navy. In a very short time he rises to a high position in the service, and, accumulating a fortune, seeks and obtains the forgiveness of his father, whose grief and resentment have been mollified by time.

The play is varied by humorous and pathetic scenes.

The players are all deserving of the highest praise for the excellent manner in which they rendered their respective parts. Fitzpatrick and Mungovan are deserving of special mention for the splendid rendition of their difficult and important characters. Connelly, as the Irish visitor "took the house." Mr. Koch showed that he thoroughly comprehended and entered into the spirit of the character assigned him.

Under Prof. Hemmersbach's direction excellent music was furnished between the acts. The Wagnerian selections by the Orchestra were greatly appreciated by the large and sympathetic audience.

The following visitors graced the occasion with their presence: The Very Rev. J. R. Dinnen, Lafayette; the Rev. J. Guendling, P. J. Roche, and F. J. Dandurand, Lafayette; B. Dickmann, Sedalia, Mo., M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Center; John Berg, Remington; W. Berg, Shererville; Mr. E. Mug and Mrs. Murphy of LaFayette, Ind.

Many of the citizens of Rensselaer witnessed the play in the evening.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT,

The College was honored this month by the presence of the beloved bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, who arrived here on Thursday evening, the 7th, and remained until the evening of the day following. His intention of coming not being known until it was too late to arrange a program in his honor, the welcome accorded him was necessarily simple though hearty; but the College Battalion and the Band proved themselves equal to the occasion later on by a neat little entertainment given on Friday afternoon. The weather was too inclement to permit outdoor sports, but the students asked for, and graciously received from his Lordship the traditional "free day" and managed to enjoy it to the utmost inside the building. The bishop, too, seemed to be pleased at the mirth and good cheer that prevailed and visited the recreation halls and reading-rooms where the boys were enjoying themselves, bestowing a smile and a kind word to everyone and a promise to make a longer visit when his duties would

permit. St. Joseph's is always happy to have the bishop for its guest and extends to him on his departure an earnest invitation to come soon again.

PERSONALS.

One of the first guests of the month was the Rev. Bernard Kroeger of Logansport who some years ago acted as chaplain of the orphan asylum which stood so long on the present site of the College building. Not having been here since the days of his early labors, the change that has taken place was naturally much of a revelation to him and called forth many interesting recollections of the early days of what is now Collegeville. We hope the Rev. Father will not let such another period slip by before again revisiting us, but will henceforth be a frequent caller.

Father Young of Garret, one of our oldest friends among the clergy, favored us by his presence for a few days recently.

Father Willibald Schlimmer, C. PP. S., of Indian Creek, paid us a short visit on the 5th.

The many friends of Father Dominic Schunk, C. PP. S., will be grieved to learn of the death of his mother, which occurred at Wanatah on November 3. The funeral was well attended. The College was represented by Father Benedict. We extend our sincere condolence to Father Dominic in his hour of affliction.

The Rev. Andrew Gietle, C. PP. S., formerly director of the Indian Normal School, stopped off to see his old friends while on his way to the semi-annual conference of the Community, C. PP. S., at Carthagena, O. Since leaving our midst Father Andrew has traveled extensively in the West and has held a charge near Denver. At present he is stationed at California, Mo.

We are happy to welcome to our number Mr. Martin Duffy, of Frankfort, Ind. Mr. Duffy has taken up the commercial course, being already a graduate from the high school of the city from which he hails.

The Rev. B. Dickmann, of Sedalia, Mo., one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, spent several days with us recently previous to the conference of

the Community, C. PP. S., at Carthagena. At the requests of the Fathers of the house, he celebrated the High Mass and preached the sermon Sunday, the 24th. The day being that one of the month set apart for the Scholastics for their meditation on death, he selected that for the subject of his discourse and by his able treatment of it and his happy manner of delivery, produced a deep impression on his hearers. On the same afternoon an exhibition drill and band concert was given in his honor in responding to which he complimented the boys highly for their proficiency—the Band for its excellent music and the Battalion for the precision with which they executed their maneuvers, and expressed his intention of being present, if possible, for the entertainment they had in view for Thanksgiving Day.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The're right in the push.

“Down with the balls and bats!”

Did you ever see them on a farm?

All unanimously agree that Engesser played his part to perfection in the program rendered in the auditorium on Sunday, Nov. 17th.

The recent cold spell brought about many unusual events in Collegeville. Among them was the advent of a wild duck into the lake. Our good natured assistant prefect immediately spied the welcome intruder and ordered his staff of marksmen to the scene. Three shots were fired, which successively landed on the opposite shore, but the poor fowl, although it was frozen to or became entangled in the floating ice, succeeded in making its escape.

Up to this time there has always been union among the members of the sixth class, but, since they have begun to acquaint themselves with the science of chemistry, “jars” are frequently to be observed in the class.

Since its reorganization by Professor Hemmersbach, the progress of the orchestra has been very marked. The selections rendered at the recent programs of the Columbians formed a prominent feature of the entertainments and received the warm appreciation that they merited. Such a brilliant beginning is certainly a prediction

of a still happier future, and reflects high praise on the Professor and his gifted pupils.

The fifth and sixth year classical students have taken up the study of vocal music with a view of becoming acquainted with the liturgical chant of the Church before entering upon their seminary course. Father Clement has charge of the class.

The Feast of All Saints was observed at the College this year in the usual impressive manner. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Benedict assisted by Father Rector and Father Frederick, respectively as deacon and sub-deacon, while the Responsoria of the Mass were well rendered together with Caecilian music by the choir. The sermon, an eloquent one, was delivered by Father Benedict. The double vespers of the day was sung at 2 P.M., and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament given in the evening at the usual hour.

The seniors have just commenced the study of chemistry with Father Raphael as instructor. The laboratory apparatus for conducting experiments arrived last week.

The fifth class in English Literature are at present reading Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and expect to produce it in the Auditorium soon after Christmas.

The recent earthquake spoken of so much of late by the newspapers, did not slight St. Joseph's though it was very gently felt. The shock occurred just after the five o'clock bell for rising had rung and was recognized for what it really was by only a few; while many more of a more practical turn of mind who felt the tremor throughout the building and heard the windows rattle, thought it was Vogel only jumping out of bed.

At one of the recent meetings of the parliamentary law class, one of the members, in default of anything else to say, moved "that Mr. Walters favor the society with a few jokes", and, by his superior tact, succeeded in having the motion passed. Mr. Walters seemed unwilling to comply, however, but moved "to reconsider"; whereat the instructor took occasion to call his attention by a lengthy explanation to the fact that, voting in the negative, he could not make such a motion. The mirth of the class may well be imagined when the facetious Eusebius readily responded, "Well, that is just one of the jokes."

The parliamentary law class of the C. L.

S. has been reorganized and promises to be attended with the same success that has characterized it during the past three years. A division in the class has been made necessary, however, which will give the advanced members an opportunity of studying civil government as well as the more complicate rules governing deliberative bodies. Mr. Cogan is still acting as instructor.

Skating will soon be in order again, and the boys are anticipating much pleasure upon the surface of the little lake at the front of the College, and a glide over the Iroquois on free afternoons. It is to be hoped that those who have heretofore made themselves conspicuous by sliding boards and stones over the ice "just for fun", or getting upon it before it was sufficiently strong to bear their weight, have seen their faults as others see them, and will deny themselves such pleasures for the future.

The Sixth Latin class, with Father Benedict as instructor, has devoted most of its time this term to the reading of Virgil, the greatest of all Latin poets. The class has also studied the rules of prosody, using Casserly's Latin Prosody as a text book. Upon finishing this little book Father Benedict had the class read and scan the Latin Hymns of the "Roman Hymnal" beginning with The Propria of the Season. The class is thus enabled not only to make practical use of the rules which they have learned but also to acquire much useful knowledge that cannot fail to prove very beneficial to them in after life.

The "Wanderer", a drama of one act was rendered by the Minims, in the College auditorium, on the eve of All Saints Day. The young actors did credit to themselves, and it is hoped that the next entitled the "Amateur", which they intend to produce some time in December, will meet with the same success. The following are the dramatis personae:

Jno. Ready	{ President of Debating Club.	{ C. Roemer
James Rose....	Secretary....	Harry Keller
Tom Slowboy...	Treasurer...	Edgar Murphy
Sam Sly,		S. Sweitzer
Frank Wilson,		R. Murphy
Charley Boardman		M. Peele
Frank Black,		J. Cosh,
Isaac Pearl,		R. Peele
Percy Kimball,		Geo. Jeffries
Norval Young,		H. Kavelage
Mathew Shea,		G. Diefenbach